

# DRAMATIC MIRROR

## AND LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

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VOLUME I.]

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[NUMBER X.]

### THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS OF AMERICA.

S. T. W.

"The learned and the good Addison, deemed it no crime to write for the stage. Home, Maturin, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Pope, Dryden, Johnson, in fact the pride of English literature has been enlisted in its cause. In England, as well as America, the drama is the most admired and valued kind of literature." Here hath she been:—

"Attired in the majesty of art,  
Set high in spirit, and crown'd  
With rich tradition."

**S. S. STEELE.**—*Clandare*, a Scottish melo drama, in three acts, produced at the Walnut street theatre, March 10th, 1838. *Battle of Tippecanoe*, a national melo drama, in two acts produced by Mr. T. Placide, at the Pennsylvania theatre Coates street, August 19th, 1840. This piece was written for the above named comedian, at a short notice, and was announced for representation at the Chesnut street theatre, but was withdrawn in consequence of the political excitement which raged in the city at that period. *Kasran*, or *the Crusaders*, a melo drama in three acts, produced at the Franklin theatre, N. Y. August 17th, 1840. *Kassimbar*, a tragic drama, in two acts, produced at the Pennsylvania theatre, July 30th, 1840. *The Lion of the Sea, or our Infant Navy*, a nautical melo drama, in three acts, produced at the Front street theatre, Baltimore, October 5th, 1840. *Truxton's Victory, or the Captive of the Mine*, a nautical melo drama, in three acts, produced at the Front street theatre, Baltimore, November 24th, 1840. *The Brzen Drum, or the Yankee in Poland*, melo drama, in two acts, produced at the Arch street theatre, January 27th, 1841. *St. Dollar, and the Monster Rag on*, a burlesque of *St. George and the Dragon*, produced at the National theatre Baltimore, June 7th, 1841.

**MR. SILVENS.**—*The Brothers; The Robber Chief*; produced at the Walnut street theatre, in the winter of 1837, with success.

**CHARLES TALBOT.**—*Paddy's trip to America; Squire Hartly*, a farce, printed in 1827, Albany. *Maid of the Valley; Captain Morgan*, printed in 1827.

—**TAYLOR.**—*The Water Witch.*

**FRANCIS TROUBAT.**—*The Phrenologist.*  
**J. D. TURNBULL.**—*Love and War; Cottage of the Forest; Rudolph*, acted in Boston. *Victor; Maid of Hungary.*

**L. S. THOMAS.**—*Oceola.*

**ROYAL TYLER** was born in Boston, and educated at Harvard college. He received a degree in 1779. When the rebellion of Shay broke out, he was Aid-de-Camp to General Lincoln, who commanded the troops that marched against

him. On this occasion he was charged with a special mission to the Government of Vermont. About 1790 he removed his residence to that state, and soon distinguished himself in the profession of law. He was an Assistant Judge to the Supreme court for six years, and Chief Judge of the court for six years more. He died at Brattleboro, Vt., August 10th, 1825.

Judge Tyler was a dramatic writer of respectable talent. The first piece which he composed for the stage was *The Contrast*, played in New York 1787. *May Day*, a farce, 1787. In 1799 he wrote a farce called the *Georgia Spec, or Land in the Moon*; in which he turned to ridicule the rage then prevalent in New England, for speculating in Georgia lands of the Yazoo purchase. Judge Tyler was a liberal contributor to Dennie's Port Folio, and for a while an able and efficient adjunct with that great man in the conducting of that popular periodical.—

Here follows some extracts from the Judge's writings, one of which commences thus:—

"Let Cowley, soft, in amorous verse,  
The roving of his love rehearse,  
With passions most unruly—  
Boast how he woo'd sweet Amoret,  
The sobbing Jane, and sprightly Bet,  
The lily fair, and smart brunette,  
In sweet succession truly."

This loving production is inscribed *To my Mistress.*

**MRS. MERCY WARREN**, the wife of Gen. James Warren, was the author of an excellent History of the American Revolution; the tragedies of *The Sack of Rome; The Ladies of Castile*; and a number of miscellaneous prose and poetical pieces. On the eve of the revolution she published several political pamphlets, among which were "The Adulator," and "The Group," which contributed greatly towards bringing to a head the flame that was kindled in the eastern section of the colonies. In 1790 she published a volume of poems which she dedicated to George Washington. She died at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in the year of 1814.

**MRS. WOOD.**—*The North American*, in five acts.

**FRANCES WRIGHT.**—*Altorf*, tragedy, played in New York, 1819.

**ALPHONSO WETMORE.**—*The Pedlar*, a drama in five acts.

**WILLIAM CHARLES WHITE.**—*The Clergyman's Daughter*, tragedy. *The Poor Lodger; Alonzo.*

**M. M. WHITE.**—*Liberty in Louisiana*, acted in Petersburg, Va.

**L. B. WILLIAMSON.**—*Preservation*, 1800.

**JANE WILSON.**—*Percy.*

—**WINSTANLEY.**—*The Hypocrites Unmasked*, a comedy, printed in N. Y.

**DR. WARE.**—*Dion*, produced at the Arch street theatre.

### BIOGRAPHY

OF THE LATE

MISS JANE PLACIDE.

BY COLLY CIBBER,

From a MS. work on the Drama,

Sonnet to Genius

Genius! bright spirit of celestial birth,  
From heavenly realms—a denizen of earth,  
Thy arching hall with effulgent light,  
Breaks the Cimmerian gloom of mental night;  
Imagination wide her wings expands,  
Leaves the dull earth, and flies for ideal lands;  
New joys appear, ecstatic visions rise,  
Till the wrapt fancy revels in the skies,  
Mankind admires, loud sounds the song of praise,  
The inspired harp, the poet's stirring lays;  
The sacred strain in times sonorous sounds,  
In gathering glory, greater yet resounds,  
Till to earth's utmost verge thy works are known,  
And immortality receives her own.

As we approached the execution of that portion of our work dedicated to the present subject, our reflections gave birth to the above attempt, which, whatever merit it may possess, we desire the reader to attribute to the memory of her, whose transcendent abilities commanded the warm admiration of all who beheld her; while its faults which are doubtless more easily perceptible, let him visit on the head of the author.

We commence the task we have destined for our execution with humility in ourselves, but pride in its object; convinced that, however unadorned is our description, however unworthy our language, the hearts of those who have beheld the performances of this favored child of genius, will responsively thrill at the mere mention of her name. As the sphere of her usefulness has not been wide, the greater portion of her histrionic life having been spent in New Orleans, to those who have been removed beyond the pale of visual influence, we more particularly address our remarks, and with no fictitious enthusiasm, we call on all Americans, to entertain that pride of her talents and genius which should rank her with Edwin Forrest, and giving them an equal pride in the temple of fame, hail them as the two great national tragedians of America. The name of the later has been echoed from one end of our country to the other, and the loud harp of congratulation has been deservedly struck in his praise; but it will be remembered that there is no part of it but has witnessed the result of his splendid powers, and the fame he has acquired, has been as the gradual accumulation of the snow-ball in its rotatory progress. Not so with the gifted subject of our pen; her efforts almost entirely confined to one spot, can there only receive their full appreciation, and her theatrical abilities which memory still endears to the citizens of New Orleans, were during her brief career, the theme of their warmest commendation.

Jane Placide was born in the city of Charleston, S. C., somewhere during the year 1804. Her grandmother was the celebrated Mrs. Frighton, long remembered for her distinguished vocal performances at the great National theatre, Covent Garden, and Drury lane. Miss Frighton, her daughter came to this country in 1797, and married Alexander Placide, the father of her whose talents we are now endeavoring to commemorate. He was a Frenchman by birth, and bred to the theatre as a dancer, and being a man of considerable ingenuity and taste, acquired a fame nearly to that of Rich, the celebrated pantomimic performer of Garrick's time.

Mr. Placide became manager of the Virginia and Charleston theatres, and had he lived long enough, a fortune would have been the result of his labors; but just as he had entered on the road to prosperity, the yellow fever put an end to his efforts and existence, in the city of New York; with the exact day of his death we have not been made acquainted. Had this catastrophe not occurred, we would not perhaps be recording the history of her whose merits have reflected honor on the land of her birth; as Mistress Placide, though herself an actress of distinguished worth, and a universal favorite, was decidedly opposed to the appearance of any of her children on the stage; and for many years after the death of her husband, supported her family consisting of three sons and three daughters, by the unassisted labor of her histrionic exertions. Jane, who was her especial favorite, was sent in 1814 to a Catholic school in Germantown, Maryland, where she remained two years, and gained the rudiments of an education, which together with her early associations and the natural bias of her mind, directed her to a course of reading which produced a degree of intellectual cultivation rarely excelled by any of her sex. The soil full of natural wealth, originally existed, and it required but little nurture, to cause the tree to sprout up in all the luxuriance of its beauty.

It must be remarked that prior to her appearance on the stage in the regular way, that she together with her brothers and sisters as children, had frequently appeared in the various spectacles produced by Mr Placide in his own theatres, and for which he taught them the accomplishment of dancing; in addition to this the musical taste which seems to have descended to them from their grandmother, and was particularly evident in the subject of this narration, was carefully cherished, and all who have seen her in Ellen Enfield will testify to the tender melody of those tones which seemed to steal from, rather than be uttered by her, in the ballad of Home, sweet home. In the higher walks of the lyrical drama, she distinguished herself in the performance of Cinderella, which is remembered with undying delight by those who beheld her in that arduous part. Her first appearance on any stage as a woman, was in Norfolk, Va., in 1820, as Violante in *The Honey Moon*, apart she preferred to the last even to that of the Dutchess, and which never had a superior representation. From Norfolk she proceeded with the company to Charleston, and back to Virginia, in the theatres of which places she continued playing a variety of small parts until the fall of 1822, when an engagement for her was effected by her mother with James H. Caldwell, and under his management she appeared in October, in Petersburg,

Va. She from there proceeded to Norfolk, where the manager first brought her out in tragedy, in the part of Belvidera, which character a few years after she made so peculiarly her own, in defiance of all the celebrated stars of the day. We now come to that period when her fame became established, and like a fixed star remained in unwavering brilliancy during the balance of her brief career.

She made her first appearance in New Orleans, on Saturday 4th January, 1823, in the part of Sophia, in the *Road to Ruin*, and Phoebe in *Rosina*. In order that the reader may form an opinion of the versatility of her genius, we will enumerate the various parts she sustained during the first season, alike with honor to herself and the gratification of her auditors.

*Sophia*, *Road to Ruin*; *Phoebe*, *Rosina*; *Emma*, *Marian*; *Kathleen*, *Poor Soldier*; *Lady Willmot*, *Folly as it Flies*; *Virginia*, *Paul and Virginia*; *Mrs. Candour*, *School for Scandal*; *Alexina*, *Exiles of Siberia*; *Mrs. Mortimer* and *Emily*, *Laugh when you can*; *Princess of Navarre*, *John of Paris*; *Paul*, *Wandering boys*; *Zephyrina*, *Lady and the Devil*; *Mrs. Glenroy*, *Town and Country*; *Adela*, *Warlock of the Glen*; *Morgiana*, *Forty Thieves*; *Ophelia*, *Hamlet*; *Tuffline*, *Three and the Deuce*; *Rasamunda*, *Abaelino*; *Calantha*, *Damon and Pythias*; *Cowslip*, *Agreeable Surprise*; *Madams la Rouge*, *Know your own Mind*; *Jenny*, *Lionel and Clarissa*; *Diana Vernon*, *Rob Roy*; *Unknown Female*, *Foundling of the Forest*; *Lisette*, *For Freedom Ho!* *Blanche of Devon*, *Lady of the Lake*; *Maria*, *Of age to Morrow*; *Mrs. Rivers*, *Sons of Erin*; *Lucretia*, *Rendezvous*; *Edmond*, *Blind Boy*; *Lady Elizabeth Frealove*, *Day after the Wedding*; *Emilia*, *Othello*; *Calista*, *Fair Penitent*; *Countess Rosalinda*, *Devil's Bridge*; *Princess Eglantine*, *Valentine and Orson*; *Rosa*, *Fontableau*; *Rosina*, *Barber of Seville*; *Queen Elizabeth*, *Richard III*; *Miss Vortex*, *Cure for the Heart Ache*; *Shelah*, *School of Reform*; *Violante*, *Wonder a Woman keeps a Secret*; *Priscilla Tomboy*, *Romp*; *Louisa Courtney*, *Dramatist*, *Constance*, *Animal Magnetism*; *Florence*, *Mountaineers*; *Emily Tempest*, *Wheel of Fortune*; *Margaretta*, *Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*; *Agatha Friberg*, *Lovers Vows*; *Margaretta*, *No Song no Supper*.

In this list the reader will find that she sustained in one season, the first parts in tragedy, comedy, opera and farce; in all of which she exhibited equal pre-eminence. We believe that a similar instance cannot be found on the records of dramatic history; and to the wreath of laurel, which fame hangs upon her tomb, let this list be the appendage.

(To be Continued.)

*Countess of Carlisle's opinion of the Drama taken from her maxims to young ladies.*

When you fix your mind on the scenes before you, when the eye shall not wander to, nor the heart flutter at the surrounding objects of the spectacle, you will return home instructed and improved. The great utilities you may reap from well acted tragedy are the exciting your compassion to real sufferings, the suppressing of your vanity in prosperity, and the inspiring you with heroic patience in adversity. In comedy you will receive continual correction, delicately applied to your errors and foibles; be impartial in the application, divide it humbly with your acquaintance and friends, and even with your enemies.

For the Dramatic Mirror.

## OLD COUNTRY RAMBLES AND REMINISCENCES.

BY W. P. LARKIN.

(Continued.)

"The incidents and experience of a life of the most humble and obscure individual, might, if recorded, present much interesting and instructive matter for perusal."—*Dr. Johnson*.

*Town of Echt—Sterile Country—Sepulchral Mound—Church and Castle—Long walk to Breakfast—Storm amidst the hills—Scotch Inn and kind landlady, &c.*

The inn at Echt proved to be the worst house of entertainment with which my Scottish experience in that way had as yet acquainted me, having in my journey from London to Aberdeen adhered entirely to the mail road which passed through Edinburgh, along which such places are comparatively excellent. The town too being totally destitute of objects in the slightest degree interesting, my friend and self took our departure at the early hour of six the following morning, with the intent of halting for breakfast a few miles on the road. But in this arrangement I literally "reckoned without my host," houses of accommodation for travellers being much more rare in these unfrequented wilds than in the sister kingdom, or the more densely inhabited district of Scotland. The road for several miles after quitting the town, passes through a barren moor similar to that already described upon its eastern side, nor does anything of interest present itself to relieve the wearied sense of vision from the painful effect produced by the dull uniformity of a sterile waste. At length, however, the surface of the country gradually undulates into a series of broken and irregular hillocks, which increase in magnitude as the road tends westward, but from their being entirely denuded of trees and scant of herbage, the scene has a tendency to impress the traveller with a sense of desolate loneliness, the effect of which is increased by the entire stillness which pervades the place, and to such a degree as one would suppose could be rarely experienced, save when traversing the deserts of Africa or the interminable forests and prairies of the western hemisphere. As if to render the solitude more striking, there might be observed at intervals of two or three miles, the miserable dwelling of some small farmer, with the ill-constructed enclosure of loose stones, and broken down gate giving entrance to a scanty patch of stony ground, from which nothing short of the unremitting industry of a frugal and pains-taking scottish fearer could hope to obtain the most humble means of subsistence. Occasionally, also, in the sheltered recess of some narrow glen through which a brawling streamlet forced its way, might be discerned the more ambitious, but still unsightly residence of the laird, near whose forlorn looking mansion were scattered a few stunted and leafless trees, fit emblems of the desolation and decay by which they were surrounded. More rarely still the timeworn fortalice of some chieftain of the olden time would present itself, around whose grass topped walls and battlements the wintry storms that swept the neighboring hills had for ages howled the requiem of its departed tenants. At an abrupt turn of the road, about seven miles from Echt, a scene of the latter description suddenly broke upon me of more than ordinary interest. A few yards from the pathway arose one of those lofty sepulchral mounds, or tumuli, to be found upon the plains of Great Britain, Scandinavia and Hindostan, as well as upon the vast steppes of Siberian Tartary and extensive prairies of North America, and which in all of those places have proved upon examination so have served as cemeteries for distinct and varied races of human beings—the very traditions of whose existence have now almost passed away. Within a short distance stood a venerable old kirk, advancing for itself just claims to a remote antiquity, of which its tottering condition and the time ob-



literated inscriptions on the most covered memorials of the grave yard afforded ample proof. From a neighboring elevation frowned the massive remains of an ancient castle, which, from the style of its construction, had evidently been founded in the earliest and rudest ages of feudal architecture; and in the glen immediately beneath it, as if still clinging for protection to this mighty record of the past, had been erected, the comparatively modern structure in which resided, during latter and more peaceable times, the descendants of the grim old chieftains, who during a period of unrestrained and savage license had in their occasional predatory descents spread terror and destruction through the surrounding districts, finding in their strong hold, when retreat became necessary, an impregnable fortress that might laugh to scorn all attempts at redress or reprisal.

The old castle, mansion house, burying places, and much of the adjacent country, had from time immemorial belonged to the chief of the clan, Forbes, in the possession of whose descendants they had still continued, and the singularity contrasted objects which were thus brought together within so limited a space, could to a reflecting mind afford "food for meditation even to madness."

Here might imagination revert to the remote era when the mound was raised, when the benighted intellect of man was swayed by the fierce and gloomy superstitions of the Druidical or Scandinavian mythology, the priests and votaries of which endeavored to propitiate the favor or appease the wrath of their demon deities by profuse libations of the blood of human victims—a system upon which the diffusion of the mild and rational precepts of Christianity has already operated to so beneficial an extent as to appear miraculous in the results produced by doctrines for the dissemination of which the old Kirk hard by had, long ages since, been consecrated.

Here too, the mind's eye might cast a retrospective glance towards the distant period when the feudal Baron (divested of responsibility and with whom "might was right") committed atrocities unchecked; the records of which are sufficient to make humanity shudder, contrasting such an order of things with the present meliorated but still oppressive system of aristocratical supremacy in Great Britain.

Not being aware of the very long distance I should have to travel, I had resolved when setting out in the morning to proceed until I should meet some inn upon the road where I might obtain breakfast, but as yet I had not reached the wished-for haven. I was unwilling to make enquiry at the very few dwellings which I had passed, (for I had not met a human being,) lest the question might seem a hint for the exercise of their hospitality.

I now resolved to trudge forward in good earnest, being informed by a passing traveller that there yet lay four miles between me and my matutinal meal. Whew! thought I, ten miles on foot to breakfast is a good preparatory specimen of pedestrianizing in the Scottish wilds. I however pushed on and in a few minutes was enveloped in as uncomfortable a storm of piercing sleet, snow and rain, as ever an unfortunate wayfarer encountered upon a highland heath. After two hours of hard labor, the wind being in my teeth, and passing no dwelling in appearance beyond a hovel in the interval, I arrived at the house of refreshment and shelter, weary, wet and famished.

The landlady heaved on a good supply of fuel and in a few minutes I was solacing my exhausted corporities in the invigorating warmth of a blazing peat fire, having previously divested myself of every portion of my saturated garments that might be doffed with decency. In less than a quarter of an hour the bustling assiduity of my hostess displayed its results in the appearance of a breakfast. Oh ye dyspeptics! could ye but know and try the appetizing effect of active exercise in a snow storm! "Satis superque." I will not dwell upon the touching scene. The food, though coarse, was wholesome, and the kindly attentions of the woman of the house in

her primitive mutch, (cap) short boddice and kilted linsey woolsey petticoat, sweetened every morsel. Myself and humble companion (the terrier) having finished our meal, I stretched my limbs before the cheerful fire in the delighted consciousness of a feeling of wholesome repletion and repose, and entered into conversation with my kind hostess. It had now passed the eleventh hour A. M. and the storm was still whistling a tune without, of sufficient power to make every thing light and loose moveable dance to its music, whilst at intervals the fitful guests would dash the rain against the casements with a violence that induced some fears as to their security.

"What do they call this place, Madam?" said I.

"Why then ye're jist in the Castle of Corse," replied the dame.

"The devil I am," thought I, surveying the humble abode around me. I had heard of their magniloquent mode of describing things in this country, but surely no stretch of imagination sort of Don Quixotte's, could metamorphose this sheeling into a Castle.

"Do you mean to say that this house has been part of an old Castle?"

"Hoot, na! th' auld biggin is doon by the burn side yonder."

"Well, and what's the history of it!"

"I ken na'thing o' its history but just that it was biggit lang syne by folk o' th' auld bluid."

"What folk?"

"The Forbes's."

"But are there no traditions connected with it?"

"Anan."

"I mean are there no old stories told about it?"

"Hoot aye! I've heard my gran'mither tell a wheen daft tales about it that she leaned frae th' auld folk, when she was a wee bairn."

"Do you remember any of them?"

"I dinna mind them a' th' nou, but the whuskey was sae cheap when th' Castle was biggit that a' the masons and workmen got fou (drunk) for saxeppen when it was finished."

And I subsequently learned that there was such a tradition which had out-lived others of more importance.

"How far is it to Macbeth's cairn?" asked I.

"It'll be five m'les an' a bittock to Lumphanan an' the cairn is two miles frae there, but yer' no gangin' for 'ad the night."

And such proved to be the fact; the weather appeared to have set in for a wet and stormy evening, and the remembrance of the morning's hardships rendered me unwilling to resign the comfort of secure shelter and a cosy fireside. The guide man of the house came in soon after to his dinner, and throwing off his plaid and brogues resolved to remain at home for the remainder of the day. We passed the evening in pleasant conversation, for though of humble station he was not deficient in shrewdness and good sense, which combined with a frank and artless simplicity of manner, prepossessed me much in his favor. I had a letter or two to write which served to fill up the time till the hour at which they were accustomed to retire to rest, when I threw myself upon the hard but wholesome couch prepared for me, tucked the blanket comfortably in, saw my dog Souris nestle at my feet and listening for some time with pleased consciousness of comfort and security, to the winds howling around the house, and the rain bratling against the windows, gradually sunk into a deep and dreamless slumber.

"The storm without might rare and rustle,  
Tom did na' mind the storm a whistle."

What is it about.

However incredible the following story may appear, it stands on the very respectable authority of Arthur Murphy and David Erskine Baker. A tragedy, called *Zingis*, written by Alexander Dow, was so totally unintelligible that the audience were continually asking each other—What is it about? What is it about?—That such nonsense should be written is not so very marvellous, as that the miserable farago should have had a run of nine nights, which has been frequently denied to works of first rate merit.

From our Correspondent.

#### IBALTIMORE.

On Thursday evening last, the new tragedy of the *Black Knight*, was a complete failure, we have before said tragedy is not the forte of the present company at the Front street theatre; and although Mathews exerted himself to the utmost, and Wemyss in a sort of serio comic part, did the author ample justice. The plot is too meagre, and the dialogue by far too common place; there are one or two striking situations, but the play is more fit for the closet than the stage. There was a redeeming clause: two very beautiful ballads, one sung by Thorne, the other by Miss Mathews, they were deservedly much applauded. The dresses too were excellent, and the stage appointments in good keeping. The author cannot complain of the manner in which his piece was played, but it was very coldly received, and by the worst house of the season; a proof that although a desire to encourage the native drama may be evinced by managers, the auditors generally have not even curiosity enough to visit the theatre, on the announcement of a new play by one of their own citizens. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. Naval Engagements restored the audience to their wonted good humour. The *Black Knight* was repeated with better success, than on the former representation, but it is a meagre affair. Money, followed which was well performed, but we would ask the manager whether he thinks his reputation increased by appearing before the audience in *Sir Fred. Blount*, with a pair of russet boots on his legs; this is not his usual custom. What was the matter, Mr. Wemyss? On Saturday *Othello* was repeated, with Booth and A. Addams, the house was not as good as it should have been, and more noisy than usual; the excellent order generally perceptible at this theatre under its present management, renders noise a rare occurrence.

Booth as Richard the Third, has not played so well in this city for the last ten years; would he but conduct himself properly, he might retrieve a reputation which constant disappointment has been fast hurrying him into premature decay, the public will scarcely credit the announcements of the play bills, and half the engagement is over before they really believe he will act at all. Thorne in the farce of the *Little Back Parlour*, has established himself with the audience as the best comedian we have seen since the days of Jefferson; from the commencement of the season he has been nightly gaining ground, until but one opinion exists upon his merits, he is a treasure to any company. *Venice Preserved*, Jaffier by A. Addams, Pierre by Booth is better piece of acting than his Richard, he started like a race horse from the score and never lagged until he reached the goal, the applause at the fall of the curtain was a well deserved compliment to the actor, who of late years has so rarely deserved this mark of public favor, it gives us pleasure to record. We must not forget Mrs. Philips, whose performance of *Belvidera* was chaste and correct, never attempting more than her physical powers admit; she pleased the audience, with whom she is an especial favorite.

Our correspondent makes an allusion to the dress of Mr. Wemyss, in the character of *Sir Frederick Blount*, knowing Mr. W. as we do, we look upon this as the "severest cut of all," as this talented artiste has always been justly admired for the nicety and precision of his toilet. Look to it, Mr. Manager.

ED. OF MIRROR.

#### Prejudice.

Boyer, a French dramatic author, had been fifty years writing, and never successfully. That he might prove whether his condemnation might not be imputed to the prejudice of the pit, he gave it to be understood that the new tragedy of *Agamemnon* was the production of *Pader D. Assezon*, a young man newly arrived at Paris. The piece was received with general applause, and Racine himself, the great scourge of Boyer, declared in favour of the new author. "And yet it is by Boyer, *Mons. de Racine*," exclaimed Boyer himself, from the pit. Imprudent man! The next day the tragedy was hissed.

# DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, October 16, 1841.

Having engaged a gentleman in the city of New York, to write theatrical notices, and other matter relative to the drama, we have the pleasure to inform our readers in that city, that the Mirror will be a true reflector of the merits and demerits of actors, authors, and managers, without fear or favour.

## DRAMATIC BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION.

It is a peculiar, and at the same time a melancholy fact, that while almost every profession and trade are associated together for their mutual relief, those of the dramatic have never, at least collectively, attempted the formation of a society for so laudable a purpose.

The time has now arrived for the establishment of a theatrical fund, the object of which will be to secure to the aged and the infirm comedian a suitable maintenance, at that period of his life, when the fire of his genius glimmers in its socket, and the flashes of his wit, and his rich humour cease to please. Had such an association been in existence ten years ago, how many talented men who have sunk untimely into their graves, would have been living to adorn their profession now; need we record the names of those who have been borne to the silent tomb by the few, they, who at one period of their lives charmed the thousands. What has the actor of the present day to look to? what his prospect ahead? Gloom and penury, poverty his companion—dependent on friends for succour, or the alms house. Is this an overdrawn picture?

The actor's life is one of toil, and uncertain fame, he becomes old when he should be enjoying life, and the public remember him *once* as a clever man, how he sang, how he danced, how he acted, how he laughed, and in short, how many a weary hour he lightened with his talents, how many gloomy nights he made bright with his genius. In fact there is no profession more variable than acting, it is the duty therefore of the professor to guard against its fickle nature.

We will not stop to ask why this theatrical fund has not been established before, and why in 1839, when the attempt was made it was received so coolly, even by those who would now have been reaping its fruits. We will not go into an examination of this, then a humbug, the enquiry would but elicit facts calculated to injure the future success of the design. Let it pass. It is for us now simply to urge it on, and we have the written assurance of Edwin Forrest, the celebrated tragedian, that the moment such a society is formed, and its laws, rules, and regulations properly matured, and fully established, he will play for a benefit to aid its funds.—This he has pledged himself to do. Mlle Fanny Elssler whose liberality to her professional friends and to all charitable institutes, is the subject of universal remark and admiration, has in like manner, proffered her invaluable services for so laudable a design. The mere announcement of this fact would at once insure to the treasury fund a large sum, say over two thousand dollars. This should be an impetus to forward the object *instantly*.

Such an event in our theatrical history will indeed be a proud one, and will concentrate the erratic stars and members of the profession, into one bright and glorious band of brothers. It will infuse a new spirit in the bosom of all, the actor will have no occasion then to send his humble petition into a theatre for relief, he will be spared the degradation of calling upon the public for a benefit! and probably die ere the proceeds reach him—die from the want of the common necessities of life. The actor, poor, is perhaps the most melancholy picture which can be presented to the sight, he is still a gentleman, too noble to steal, too proud to beg, he suffers in silence, dies in misery, and the world knows not, cares not, how and when.

The Rules of the Dramatic Association of Great Britain, which may serve as a guide to those whose interest it should be to act upon our suggestion, and weigh all the advantages arising from it, without delay, will be published in our next.

## OTHELLO.

Character, Costume, &c.

This great production of the immortal bard, is founded upon a story in Giovanni Gerald Lynthio's *Hecatonmith*, out no English version of that work of the time of Shakspeare has yet been discovered; though an imperfect French translation by Gabriel Chappays, was published at Paris in 1584. Malone originally assigned 1611, Chalmers 1614, and Dr. Drake 1612, as the date of the composition of this tragedy; upon Warbuton's supposition that Othello's words in act third scene fourth, "*Our new heraldry is hands not hearts*," referred to the order and badge of Baronets instituted in 1611. Malone afterwards altered his time to 1604, affirming that the play was acted that year. Sir Humphrey Midmay in his MS. Diary, there notices plays he had seen in the course of 1635. The following are some of his entries:—

21 April, 1635. After dinner to the elder brother at the Bla Fryers.

28 April. This afternoon I spent at a playe, with good company.

6 May. At the Bla. Fryers, and a playe this day called the *Moor of Venice*.

25 Nov. After dinner to a foolish playe at the Fryers.

8 Dec. Dined with Rob. Dowgall, and went to the Lady of Pleasure, and saw that rare playe.

The Lady of Pleasure had been licensed by Sir Henry Herbert on the 15th Oct. 1635. Its popularity was probably great. Vertue's MSS. shew however that Othello was performed at court before James I, in 1613, but it is supposed that Shakspeare derived Othello's simile of the never ever ebbing current of the Pontick sea. Act third scene third, from Dr. Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, London, 1601, folio book II. chap. 97.

Othello was entered at Stationer's hall October 16th 1621.

Othello in the original story was, a baptized Sarcen, and is called the "*Moor*," to which he was certainly not entitled, being from the northern coast of Africa, and whom Shakspeare has justly from the fact of his being called a Moor, made him *black*. So absurd seems the idea of Desdemona marrying the black that Brabantio exclaims—

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted

By spells, and medicines bought of mountebanks,  
For nature so preposterously to ere,  
Being not deficient, blind or tame of sense, &c.

—And she in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing—  
To fall in love with what she feared to look upon, &c.

In the prologue to this tragedy, which was to introduce the first female in the character of Desdemona, heretofore played by men, the author says:—

Then he that censures her in such a case,  
Hath a soul *black*er than Othello's face.

We consider Othello most vilely slandered and abused by the players, both as regards dress, and color. The "*black visaged*" Othello is painted red, the Christian, the knight, the soldier of the cross, is tricked out, like a pitiful puppet, in the stolen robes, turban and arms of his infidel enemies. By what authority is this solecism permitted? We will boldly challenge the whole *corps dramatique* or *critique* to find a single expression in the play to warrant this abuse. Would the Catholic Church have permitted an infidel to lead her armies? Would Christian knights and gentlemen, "jealous of honor," have served under a Mahomedan? The idea is preposterous. Othello is a sooty Moor, and a christian, and it would have been in him a crime to have worn the dress of the "*Ottoman*." When Brabantio wishes to annul the marriage of his daughter with the Moor, would he not have accused him of being an enemy of the church? Such a marriage would have been *ipso facto* null in any part of Christendom at that time. But Othello's piety, his reference to Saint Peter, his language throughout the play, prove him a christian. Hear him—

"Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that  
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
For Christian shame!"

"In Aleppo once  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venitian,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog," etc.

We hope to see some player bold enough to be just to Othello, and restore to him the Christian costume which ignorance or affectation has robbed him of. For this change of costume, let the player consult Othello in the engraving of Stevens' edition of Shakspeare.

There is an anecdote related of Fennel, who while playing Othello (in Charleston S. C.) which he universally painted black, so excited the speculating propensities of a southern planter, that he went behind the scenes, and thinking that blacky belonged to the manager, offered him a thousand dollars cash for him as he stood, clothed in all the panoply of war, love, and vengeance. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the manager was, how reluctantly we know not, compelled to refuse.

The most eminent actors in the principal parts have been Betterton, Booth, Garrick, Henderson, Cook, Young, Kean, Fennell, C. Kemble, as Cassio. At the present day, we consider Edwin Forrest, the best Othello living, and Wm. B. Wood the best Iago. And Mrs. Green decidedly the Amelia of the age. We have no Desdemona. At least not to our liking.

## The advantages of solitude for Study.

My garden neat,  
Has got a seat  
Hid from ev'ry eye sir;  
There day and night,  
I read and write,  
And nobody's the wiser.



## THEATRICALS IN NEW YORK.

**THE PARK.**—On Monday evening, a new comedy was produced at this theatre, under the title of "London Assurance;" replete with wit and humour, full of stale jokes with many new ones, but of that decided character which cannot fail to please and render comedy attractive. It is what comedy should be, a good humoured satire upon men and manners, and hits to the life the state of fashionable society in England, where its scenes are laid, and from which it has been recently imported.

We may safely attribute to the production of this comedy on our boards the unequivocal demonstration of that revival of public taste, which if energetically supplied with proper materials must ultimately restore the stage to its rank among the arts, and rescue it from the degradation into which it has fallen, by the means of mummery, mountebanks, and charlatans, and supported only by the dissolute and the vulgar. We may date Monday evening at the Park as the commencement of a new era in the history of theatricals, and we pronounce confidently the fortunes of that establishment will either be made or totally marred by the occasion. Not that the comedy of *London Assurance* can be of itself productive of one or the other—but that the Park stage having exhibited its capabilities, and the Park management shewn what it can do if it will—the playing public will not be content to fall back upon the worn out system which has so long prevailed when the eye has been opened to perfection.

Mr. Simpson, by his production of *London Assurance* in the classic elegance of a Vestris, has taken like a modern Atlas, a new world upon his shoulders—there is no retreating—he must go on—he has ruin in his rear. Who now will sit to see that beautiful comedy—the *School for Scandal*, without those elegant embellishments which that comedy demands, and which have been so abundantly bestowed upon the *London Assurance*. We will not say lavished, because we have seen no effort wanting which could give effect to the perfect illusion of the scene. We repeat, who will go to a theatre to witness the miserable representations of our sterling old comedies trigged out in the habiliments of a barn, when he can enjoy their wit more keenly in the closet, and the manager has shewn how they can be produced, and how they ought. We prophecy to Mr. Simpson, that having taken a leaf out of the book of Madame Vestris—he must now borrow the whole book to successfully avoid the dangers of his enterprise.

The comedy of *London Assurance* was first produced in the middle of last season at Covent Garden, under the management of Madame Vestris, and owes its success to the extraordinary tact and energy of that gifted lady in her direction of the stage. It ran for seventy-three nights with undiminished reputation, and notwithstanding the costliness of its production, enriched her treasury, a treasury by the bye, which has many outlets, and among them Madame's private expenditure, which is equal to a Peer's heritage. The comedy is not in itself of the first order in composition—it is sprightly redolent with wit, but its wit if not hacknied is not new—it sparkles the reflected light from gems bending their lustre, and it is

no mean commendation of the author in this age of practical application and literary piracy, that they have been borrowed, not stole, and re-sett with great skill and good taste. The plot of *London Assurance*, like that of the *School for Scandal*, and other sterling comedies of the classic age of the drama, is only remarkable for its simplicity—indeed, it may be questionable whether in the contrivance of the scene it has been conducted with any view to plot, or more than the developments of the habits, manners, and peculiarities of the characters of which the comedy is composed. If any, it is told in a few words.

## PLOT.

Mark Harkaway, (Fisher,) a Fox Hunting Squire, has a niece, Grace Harkaway, (Miss Clarendon,) who by a will under which she inherits fifteen thousand pounds per annum is destined to become the wife of an old Baronet, Sir Harcourt Courtley, (Placide,) or lose her fortune. Sir Harcourt has a son, Charles Courtley, (Wheatley,) who gets introduced to the young lady by the instrumentality of Dazzle, (Browne,) and by the intrigue of Dazzle assisted by Lady Gay Sparker, succeeds ultimately in gaining her hand. Now, this is the whole plot, meagre in itself, but singularly rich in its development, and in the working up of the characters. Sparker, (Mr. W. H. Williams,) Mark Meddle, (Latham,) are auxiliaries to the end proposed. Pert, (Mrs. Vernon,) is a lady maid in the establishment at Oak Hall, and Cool, (Andrews,) is body servant to Sir Harcourt Courtley. These are materials of *London Assurance*, composing one of the most successful five act comedies which has appeared upon the boards of our modern theatres. To rigidly examine the plot, is to break a fly upon the wheel, but to critically inquire into its management is to cross the portal of wit to enter the refined temple of the graces and luxuriate in the contemplation of man as he is,—woman, as she is found in the halls of fashion, and in the arena of what is termed elegant society, with all its follies, its foibles, and its vices.

Placide's Sir Harcourt Courtley, was an excellent personification of the old beau—it is the peculiar beauty of Placide in all of his performances that the author loses none of his force in the delivery of the actor. The wit, the satire glowing from Placide, sparkled like gems, and were rapturously received by the audience. Fisher's Mark Harkaway was a delineation, chaste, and in good keeping. Wheatley sustained Charles Courtley in his accustomed manner, and was deservedly applauded. W. H. Williams did his best for Sparker, infusing into it as much as he dared to venture while sustaining the character of a gentleman, and rendered the part highly amusing. Latham bustled through Meddle, and Browne in the character of Dazzle, who gives title to the comedy, was every thing good taste could require, without one sacrifice to eleemosynary applause. Browne is always excellent, and as the dashing man of fashion,—the *rose* adventurer, has no equal.

In conformity with the established rules of gallantry, we should have dealt with the ladies of the comedy prior to our inquiry into the respective merits of the gentlemen; but as gal-

lantly has or ought to have little to do with criticism, we shall offer no apology for our defection, and so proceeding in the discharge of our duties with an unbiassed judgment pronounce upon their claims. In the cause of the drama—the legitimate drama, which it is our ardent desire to uphold, we shall deal with them with candour, undeserved praise is but censure in disguise.

Miss Charlotte Cushman in the character of Lady Gay Sparker, which has been ably sustained by Mrs. Nesbit, upon the Covent Garden boards, acquitted herself to admiration;—it lost nothing in her hands—she is distinguished for great versatility, rendering her in fact an actress of all work; but we know of no instance in the extensive range of her professional efforts wherein she has done more for her reputation—so much to merit applause and so little for censure. Lady Gay Sparker is not an every day character, it is marked with strong peculiarities, there is nothing of effeminacy about it, yet it is neither coarse or vulgar—fond of field sports, blooming in health, foremost in the chase with her whip, her dogs, and her horses. Still she is a woman of fashion—the "third daughter of an Earl" as she tells you—full of life, jocund and gay, but never degenerating—it is a character not found in life in America, but familiar in the annals of the field sports of "merry old England." Miss Cushman dropt into the spirit of the author as readily as though it were in union with her own.

Mrs. Vernon, always excellent, unquestionably the best actress in her line of business upon the stage, had little to do in the part of Pert; but we must say to Mrs. Vernon we were gratified to find her aiding the general cause by sustaining a character in the comedy infinitely below her powers—this is as it should be.

Who, in the name of patience, entered into an engagement with Miss Clarendon exclusively for the comedy—in order to give strength to the cast, and especially for the part of Grace Harkaway!—certainly no one who had ever heard the name of Vestris associated with that character. There seems to be a fatality attending this house, and a fixed resolution on the part of the management that a something shall be left to undo all that has been done—to rake up some blot, that shall mar the whole. Imbecility itself could never have made so mischievous a blunder. Poor girl, she must have been as wretched as she made her auditors—she threw a wet blanket over the whole and shivered in her part as uncomfortably as though she were enveloped in a rare Scotch mist. Was it Simpson's inveterate ill-starred love of starrng, that induced him to set aside his lady stock and resort to this forlorn means. Why, if he had shuffled the names of his ladies in a cup, ballet girls and all, he could not at a random pitch have dropped his hand upon inefficiency so perfect. We pity the poor girl, the voluntary sacrifice of miserable mismanagement. We pity her sincerely, and earnestly recommend her, if she has determined to make the stage her profession, to devote a few more years to study, ere she resumes the boards.

How is it that Mrs. Seymour who we believe is still in New York, was not retained,—she would have played the part beautifully; it is more immediately in her line than either of the characters she has assumed upon the boards.

Grace Harkaway is no mandolin miss—no mild grave sentimentalist—she is to be distinguished by archness, by a rich buoyancy of spirit, by playful satire upon her lip, and an animated expression of the soul—she is full of point, and glowing with a flow of the animal spirits—Mrs. Seymour is distinguished for her lady-like ease—her self-possession—peculiar archness, and elegant carriage, would have sustained Grace most inimitably. But let us inquire—as it is probable this lady was not to be obtained, where was Miss Cushman's sister? Why, the self-admiring Miss Balord could not have represented Grace so gracefully.

With one exception, London Assurance could not have been better acted. Even Nelson cut a distinguished figure in his footman's livery, and Andrews seemed to have been designed by nature for the gentleman's valet.

The scenery, which is entirely new, is perfectly beautiful and the appointments in perfect keeping with the scene; in the getting up, nothing has been omitted which could give perfection to the whole. London Assurance must be seen to be duly appreciated—it is unique, it bears upon its face, the refined and elegant taste of the inimitable Vestris, the great mistress of the art of drama, and the glow of her spirit awakening the energies of Simpson, brightens the hemisphere of the Park, beaming with the promise of a ripe and abundant harvest.

**BOWERY.**—Forrest is the magnet of this house, and holds on a successful career. He has been playing Jack Cade, gaining shouts of applause, but no laurels. Our limits will not allow us to enter into an elaborate review of his performances; but in our next we propose to amend our fault.

**THE CHATHAM.**—If large bills, lots of stars in extra large letters, innumerable murders conceived in every form, committed in every scene, bloody daggers, broken swords, gongs, red fire and blue lights are a certain augury of success, this must be the most successful theatre in the city; for certain Charles Thorne gets fat upon it. It must be highly gratifying to the lovers of melo-drama, the knowledge of the fact that Thorne is in fine voice, having had his lungs recently repaired by a blacksmith in the vicinity, for a new melo-drama, sublime in horror, which is to be produced as soon as the vast preparation necessary to its performance can be completed. As upon the occasion alluded to there will be a trial of skill between Manager Thorne and his great tragedian Kirby, it may be necessary to promise that every precaution has and will be taken with reference to the perfect security of the audience, in strengthening the walls and protecting the roof against explosion—it will be a thundering affair—but the news boys will be quite safe in the pit, and the gentlemen and the enlightened public will be equally so in the boxes. On Monday last was produced a new drama, called *The Shadow*, which for the reason assigned before must suffer for this week, at least, to pass away unnoticed.

As the Chancellor has removed the injunction sued out by J. S. Jones, prohibiting the production of "The Surgeon of Paris," and "The Carpenter of Rouen," at this house, the former will be played on Monday next.

**OLYMPIC.**—Manager Mitchell will hear from us in our next.

**LITTLE DRURY.**—A German company are performing at this house twice a week: we shall notice their doings in our next.

Mrs. Sutton is preparing an entertainment of Readings and Music for winter evenings.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Buckstone appear on Monday next at Niblo's.

Titus, June & Angevive open the Bowery Amphitheatre on the 15th November, with their powerful equestrian corps.

J. S. Jones' drama of "Moll Pitcher," which had such a powerful run at the National, Boston, is in preparation at the Bowery. The events on which it is founded, are well known in American History.

#### PHILADELPHIA

**CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.**—On Monday evening, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's comedy of *Money, or Duplicity Exposed*, was produced in a manner worthy of the most palmy days of "Old Drury." The cast of characters (with but one or two exceptions) was most excellent, and afforded those who were present at its representation, as rich an intellectual treat, as a fine comedy and good acting could afford. The audience, we feel confident, were most favorably impressed with the indefatigable exertion of the managers, to present them with a sterling piece and a meritorious performance. It will most assuredly evidence a vitiated taste on the part of the public, if abundant patronage does not attend the production of the excellent plays that are forthcoming, all of which will unquestionably be performed with a due regard to their several merits, and must afford a large share of gratification to the lovers of the legitimate drama.

In these degenerate days of theatrical entertainment, we are glad to perceive the movement which has taken place at this old and favorite resort of "play goers," in the revival of the fast fading beauties of the drama, and in the utmost sincerity of our heart, award the gentlemen, who have the present management of the Chesnut street theatre, our most grateful acknowledgements and encouraging approbation. It will be glory enough hereafter, to have it said, that they presided over this dramatic temple, and had their pieces performed by the company, who now adorn it, with such superior histrionic talent.

We resigned ourselves to the enactment of "Money" with an unusual share of interest and pleasure. Mr. Lambert as Sir John Vesey, performed the part well, and displayed one of the best fitting wigs we have seen for some time. It perplexed us to decide, which of the two was the best adapted to the character, so admirably were they both adjusted. The feature of the entertainment was Mr. Richings, as Sir Frederick Blount.

"A fine puss, gentlemen, that's all perfume."

We were accustomed to look upon the performance of another gentleman attached to this company, as perfectly irresistible in this line of character, but *Richings* had not then appeared. The perfect *abandon*, and conception of the part of an exquisite was never better displayed. The languor and drawling accents of Sir Frederick created much merriment, and fairly realized—

"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."

Evelyn was a masterly performance in the hands of Mr. C. Mason. The style of this gentleman's acting is novel, indicative of profound conception of his part, differing materially from the rant and bombast usually displayed on our boards, and withal a cool, and collected manner, which contributes very much towards arresting the attention and fixing it upon the gems that ever and anon sparkle in dramatic literature. There were several passages we had marked for quotation, (but are compelled to omit) which he delivered with singular beauty and impressiveness. The touching manner in which he gave the passage—"There's something good in human nature after all," produced a round of merited applause. The addition of Mr. Mason to the company, is an important acquisition at the present period, as his performance is characterized with talent of a high order, which will eventually render him very popular.

Mr. Hunt, as Lord Glossmore, looked very well with his fine commanding figure and expressive face—but that was all—owing to his treacherous memory, which seems an unconquerable foe to his successful career, in the arduous walks of the drama. Chapman, as the quaint and moody Graves, provoked an everlasting grin upon the features of the audience. He is an excellent comedian, and will speedily become a favorite. Our old friend, Faulkner, as Stout, was—as he always is—perfect in his part and effective in his manner of rendering it.

Capt. Dudley Smooth in the hands of Thayer lacked the air of *courage*, which one is apt to associate with a military character, and in its place, we were presented with an effeminate dandy, which fell immeasurably below that prince of fops, Richings. Another exception we would name to the otherwise admirable cast of the piece, was the part of Lady Franklin in the hands of Miss Ayres, who seemed to us completely out of her proper element. There is a line of characters in which she cannot be excelled and consequently should never venture out of them, if she values her professional reputation. We hope she will understand and appreciate our advice.

Mrs. Hunt as Clara, afforded us much gratification. The character was probably never more ably sustained, than in the hands of this lady—it was an efficient support to the Evelyn of Mason.

The annexed passage was most eloquently rendered, and added another wreath to her already laurelled brow:

"Evelyn, hear me! My father, like you, was poor—generous: gifted like you with genius—ambition; sensitive, like you, to the least breath of insult. He married as you would have done—married one whose only dower was penury and care. Alfred, I saw that genius the curse to itself. I saw that ambition wither to despair! I saw the struggle—the humiliation—the proud man's agony—the bitter life—the early death!—and heard over his breathless clay my mother's groan of self-reproach! Alfred Evelyn, now speak! Was the woman you loved so nobly to repay you with such a doom?"

The part of Georgianna by Mrs. Lambert, was very well sustained, and contributed its share to the general fund of the evening's entertainment.

In conclusion, the superior production of such sterling pieces, should meet with its adequate reward—the patronage of a liberal and enlightened public.



"He would first demand his debt; and if he were not Paid, he would straight go and take a distress of goods And cattle, where he could value them, to the value." *Spenser.*

**THE NATIONAL.**—Burton, amid all his misfortunes, has a spark of philosophy to brighten up the gloom which surrounds him. On Monday the sheriff walked on the stage and played the very Dr. Faustus among the fixings which are to be found there, what they brought, and how far the proceeds went to defray the debt, we know not; but this we do know, that the "Rent Day," was played in the evening, and every word having a bearing on landlords, was given by the actors in the most pointed manner. No doubt they felt it, and acted in accordance. The state of theatricals is such, that these things create little or no excitement, in fact the public look for the failure of a manager, as a matter of course, and we regret to say, in some instances, it is made a matter of business. Burton has been peculiarly unfortunate—his establishment has not yielded the income his "fancy painted," and the dreams of his earliest managerial career have faded away, and the stern reality stares him in the face. If he can honorably work his work his way out from the numerous difficulties into which "bad seasons," poor houses, and powerful opposition have placed him, he will well deserve to be called the prince of managers.

On the occasion of his benefit on last Saturday evening, he addressed the audience in a neat and appropriate speech, he alluded to the abuse he had received, (from whom he did not say,) and spoke of the difficulties under which he labored, remarking that he never appealed to the Philadelphia public for a benefit, but that a full house was the consequence, and with this assurance of their kind feelings he concluded by saying that it would be ever most gratefully remembered. We were pleased with this speech of Burton's, there was no humbug about it; there should not have been any however, for Teddy Roe, and "Billy Taylor" were brimful of it, yea to overflowing.

Forrest commences an engagement at this house next week.

**ARCH STREET THEATRE.**—Mr. C. H. Eaton, has been playing a very successful engagement at this house, and his impersonation of the several characters of his role, has been marked by unusual excellence. There is an originality in his manner and style of acting, which if properly cultivated, will place him high in the dramatic walk. We look upon his Sir Giles Overreach, and Richard, as among his best. Each representation of these characters elicited the warmest approbation from the audience.

Although we condemn any thing like a departure from the dignity of the tragedian, whether it be by improper conduct of the stage, or Tom Foolery, on it, yet we must say, that if there be any thing to justify, Mr. Eaton in his "Imitations," it is alone from the correctness with which they are given.

**WALNUT STREET THEATRE.**—Yankee Hill with his drolleries, has been delighting the visitors to this establishment during the week, he has lost nothing of that quaint, dry humour, which has given him a reputation in both hemispheres, and still places him at im-

measurable distance ahead of all imitators. The introduction of the concert scene in Seth Slope, gives him an opportunity of displaying some talents on the flute.

The manager have promised us several new things, which will be noticed at length hereafter.

#### BOSTON.

The Seguins and Manvers have closed their engagement at the Tremont, having performed there two weeks: we regret their efforts have not been attended with much success. The Bostonians are lovers of good music, no people more so; notwithstanding they did not patronise the above named vocalists.

Elsler did not appear on Monday night last as announced: her engagement commenced on Wednesday 13th inst., she dances here three weeks, and bids adieu to Boston forever.

**NATIONAL.**—A good business has been done here for the past week; and it will continue so long as Pelby keeps the present company together. He is getting up the "Naid Queen" in a style of magnificence never equalled in this country:—he intends to eclipse Burton in its production here.

#### PITTSBURG.

**PITTSBURG THEATRE.**—This beautiful Theatre has been leased by Dinneford who opens it in about a week with a powerful company.

John R. Scott, Charles Eaton, George Jamieson, Logan, Hunt and his very talented lady, of the Chesnut, Mrs. Laforrest, &c. are among those already engaged. Logan, who is an immense favourite with the Pittsburg people,—is stage manager. Such an array of talent as Dinneford has already secured must redeem the drama from the odium which a succession of bad managers has cast upon it in that city. It is said Dinneford is strongly "backed"—but there can be no danger of failure. There is sufficient theatrical taste in Pittsburg to encourage talent whenever it is placed before them.

**CONCERTS.**—The Misses Shaws have commenced giving concerts. Mr. Norton gave one on Thursday, prior, it is said, to his departure to Europe. Mr. Nagle, pupil to the celebrated Paganini, is here; as yet we have not heard him: it is said he makes his violin "discourse most excellent music."

#### CINCINNATI.

Scott opened the theatre there on the 2d inst. with Bannister's play of the "Syracusan Brothers." Lucinius, Bannister; Calthana, Mrs. Bannister;—"State Secrets," was the farce, with Mrs. Kent as Maud. The company is the best they have had in Cincinnati for some time; and we trust with judicious management, Scott will have no cause to complain of the want of patronage. The manager announces several local pieces in preparation, among which are "The Burning of the Caroline!" "The Boundary Question!!" and the "Condemned Student!!!"

#### ITEMS.

J. G. Porter is engaged at Burton's, and supports Forrest during his present engagement.

We perceive that Mr. Harrington is about to leave the Chesnut street theatre. We regret it much; he is a sterling actor, and should not be permitted to pass from among us.

#### SOL. SMITH,

We intend shortly to commence the biography of this eccentric comedian. In the mean time we give our readers three items from this truly amusing budget.

\* \* \* We next proceeded to Paris, Ky., and opened with the *Honey Moon*. I observed a countryman enter the theatre, before the candles were lit, and placed himself on the front bench near the centre. Presently, as the audience began to congregate he became surrounded by ladies, who seated themselves each side of him. He did not turn his eyes to the right or the left, but kept them fixed on the performers. When I came on as the *Mock Duke*, I observed him sitting in the manner described, with his face leaning on both his hands. When I seated myself to hear the complaint of Juliana against her husband, he and I were not more than three feet apart facing each other, he leaned further forward than usual, straining his eyes to take a still closer view of my features, all of a sudden, as if he had become convinced of some very important fact, he jumped up, and striking his hands together with great force, exclaimed aloud—"I'll be d-d if it was!" The uproar this occasioned among the audience caused my gentlemen to look round—he seemed to be sensible for the first time where he was; his ludicrous appearance on making this discovery made the people laugh still the more, till it increased into a real *Kentucky yell*, and the uproar did not subside till the cause of this mirth made a retreat.

While performing the same play at Port Gibson, in 1829, when the Duke, in answer to a knock at the door, bids his wife to "see who it is that knocks," a gentleman who happened to be standing near the stage door, very composedly opening it and peeping out, turned round to the Duke and answered—"It is nobody but one of the actors."

In Nicholsonville, a few weeks afterwards, we were performing the farce of "Lover's Quarrels." The theatre was in the ball-room, and the landlord was in the habit of going behind the scenes to witness the performance; on account of his belonging to the church, he did not wish to be seen in front. In the first scene when Carlos was making a present of his watch, purse, &c., to Jacinta, for her good news—I (as Sancho) advised him to save something to pay his board. At this moment our religious landlord popped his head on the stage and said "Mr. Smith, don't mind your board, go on with the play just as you would—if you haven't the money at the end of the week, I will wait." He was honored with a thundering round of applause, and he backed out overwhelmed with his reception.

Mrs. Seymour is engaged at Providence for one week, commencing on Monday; she then proceeds to Boston.

#### Free use of the Bottle.

One Henry Higden, a dramatic writer about the close of the seventeenth century, wrote a comedy, called the *Wary Widow*, in which he introduced so many drinking scenes, that the actors were completely drunk before the end of the third act, and being therefore unable to proceed with the play, they dismissed the audience.

## STROLLING ANECDOTES.

NO. 1.

We were making the best of our way between Eastport and Portland, Maine, playing at every considerable, and at many inconsiderable village. Our first detour from Moose Island brought us to Lubec, and the drama was never represented before a rougher set of christians or pagans than those which our performances drew together.—When these raw down-Easters became interested in the progress of the play, the expression of their countenances was grotesque in the extreme; and Pope must have caught his idea of the proper study of mankind being Man, while looking through a hole in some stroller's back drop. The play was Othello, and A. Addams (in his younger days) the hero. One huge lumberman who sat on the front bench, seemed actually endeavouring to imitate the agony he saw the Moor display; his soul was in the scene before him. His eyes protruded as though they were starting from his head. Every movement of Othello's body seemed instantly communicated to that of his intense auditor. When Iago had succeeded in thoroughly arousing the jealousy of the General, the lumberman clapped his hands on the knees of his neighbour who sat on either side of him. I expected them to start up from the ponderous blow as his fists descended, but they also were too intent upon the scene to notice mere physical objects. Addams gave the lines:

"I'd rather be a toad, and live upon  
The vapour of a dungeon, than keep  
A corner in the thing I love  
For other's use."

With tremendous energy, and the enormous lumberman sprang to his feet, bringing his two neighbours with him with a jerk, and shouted in a voice which I thought would have cracked the roof, "nor I nyther, by lightnin'! I'd go to hell fust all standin'!" When the confusion to which this unhappy outbreak had given rise, had partly subsided, and our hero had been admonished to get "down in front," another interruption, growing, it seemed, out of the first once more made the blank verse halt.

"I say, Zeke," roared the man sitting on the right of our hero, "only look ye here;—when you jumped up jist now, by hoky if you didn't tear my trowsers all to scrimptions." Zeke's left hand neighbour had just made the same discovery, and thus communicated it:

"By thunder, Zeke, fun's fun, but I don't stand this. All the while that black feller was a screechin' out, I did'nt say nothin' about your diggin' your fingers clean into the muscles of my leg; I shall be lame for a month! But what I do purtest agin is the way you've slivered up my Sunday parts. How am I to hide the fracter?"

"Oh, shet up!" said Zeke, angrily, "you're stoppin' the show. Look there, now, thom folks is standin' stock still, starin' at you. Co on, showman, never mind these fellers with their trowsers."

The play drew towards its conclusion, and when Desdemona was smothered, Zeke seemed to be undergoing a similar strangulation. He assured Othello, in short sentences, that she was innocent, and if he killed her he would be sorry for it, &c. &c., and when at length the Moor discovers the treachery of Iago, Zeke shouted in triumph, "there! you timber-headed nigger! aint I been telling you so all along?"

At this moment a light breeze filled the stage,

and all eyes were directed to the spot where Zeke on entering the room had placed his large straw hat, viz: on the floor a few inches from the end of the footlight. A crowd of boys had chosen the same lowly position, the foremost of whom had been insensibly wriggling his body towards the stage, pushing the hat before him until it fairly came in contact with the lights, and caught. From its freedom in burning, it must have been saturated with some resinous gum,—probably to render it impervious to the rain—and this was rendered certain by the black smoke and pitchy odor which it emitted when Zeke whirled it round his head with a view to extinguish the flames.—The fire increasing rapidly, Zeke seemed for a moment at a loss how to save his property, but it was only a moment, for to the utter consternation of "Othello and the rest," he strode over the footlights—on to the stage—and dividing the characters with his long arms, stalked to the bedside of the gentle Desdemona, and seized the only article of bed-gear that covered her, a sheet! he rolled it round his burning hat, and instantly smothered the flame; then slowly untwining it, he held it black and smouldering before him, throwing the soiled linen back on the body of her who was then indeed "paler than her sheet."—Zeke turned his crisped chapeau in every direction as if contemplating the damage it had sustained, and exclaimed, "well, if this aint the all-firedest place I ever did git into!" One of his companions now called out, "Come away, Zeke, it's all sham! I seed that woman kind o' kick when you pulled the sheet off on her."—"Well" replied Zeke "I know it! She's as live as I be! She's sham, but this hat aint no sham. There! there's a great chunk tumbled off the rim already. I say, feller's, that handbill says there's more to come after this; if they begin by burnin' up a feller's hat, they may come some ugly caper over us, and call it a sham. I'm off, as the catfish said when his gills broke!"

The enlightened trio burst through the crowd, and forced their way into the street amid shouts of laughter, in which the interrupted actors now heartily joined.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

Eanny Elsler has been mulcted in the neat little sum of 60,000 francs by a decision of the French court, awarding that amount of damages to the manager of the "Academie Royal de Musique," for the non fulfilment of her engagement with him.

Miss Ellen Tree, with Mr. Anderson, late of Covent Garden theatre, in fulfilment of an engagement of ten nights, were performing a round of their most favorite characters at the theatre Royal, Liverpool. The parts in which they had already appeared were *Rosalind and Orlando*, in Shakspeare's comedy of "As you like it;" *Genevra and Antonio Rondinelli* (their original characters,) in Leigh Hunt's play of the "Legend of Florence;" *Mariana and Julian St. Pierre*, in Sheridan Knowles's play of the "Wife;" and the *Countess of Eppenstein and Huon* (as originally sustained by them at the Covent Garden, in the same popular author's play of "Love;" and they were announced to appear in their original parts of *Lotina and Fernando*, in his "Bridal of Messina."

Mademoiselle Celeste has been most successful in getting up in the provinces the last popular comedy produced at the Haymarket, called "Foreign Affairs." She acted in it for her benefit at Bristol on Monday last, and the house was so crowded that two hundred persons went from the doors who could not obtain admission. The receipts of the night amounted to 1634, a most extraordinary sum to be re-

ceived at the Bristol Theatre, particularly in the depressed state of provincial theatricals.

**General Theatrical Fund.**—A meeting of the directors and committee of the General Theatrical Fund Association took place on Thursday, at the Wrekin Tavern, Broad-court Bow-street, Mr. Strickland in the chair. This institution was established in 1839, for the purpose of affording relief, by way of annuity, to members who, from age, accident, or infirmity, may be incapacitated from exercising his or her duties as an actor or actress, singer or dancer. The want of an institution for the relief of members of the theatrical profession throughout the kingdom, without reference to the accident of location, limitation as to age, or any other restriction, which renders actors and actresses ineligible as members of local funds, or those of the patent theatres, has long been severely felt; that want the present association was intended to supply. The funded property of the institution at present amounts to 1,410*l.*, cash at the bankers', 60*l.* besides a balance in the hands of the treasurer. Many of the leading performers have not only given the association their support, but also have subscribed most liberally to its funds, among whom may be named:—Mr. Charles Kean, 50*l.*; Mr. Macready, 30*l.*; Mr. B. Webster, 20*l.*; Mr. Davidge, 20*l.*; Mr. Charles Byrne (who danced in the time of Garrick, and the father of Mr. Oscar Byrne, the ballet master), 6*l.* annually; Mr. W. Farren, 6*l.*; and Miss Ellen Faucit, 5*l.*, both annual subscriptions.

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